

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDE DUDLEY.
Julius Eckert Goodman is writing a play for the use of Henry Miller. Mr. Miller yesterday completed arrangements to produce it just as soon as the author finishes it. At present Mr. Miller is starring with Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long-Legs." Mr. Goodman, a graduate of Harvard, is known to the theatre-going public for "Mother," "The Right to Live," "The Test," "The New Generation" and "Just Outside the Door." He is also the writer of the play "Treasure Island," adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's book "Treasure Island," which will be produced at the Punch and Judy Theatre to-night.

HEADING FOR BROADWAY.
Charles D. Coburn is preparing to send "The Yellow Jacket" on tour again. Thomas E. Jackson will be the Property Man. Eventually Mr. Coburn and his wife expect to find a play in which they can appear on Broadway. They think the time is nearing for them to splash a bit in New York theatricals.

EMMA POLLOCK AGAIN.
Emma Pollock, who something like twenty years ago used to warble "Maggie Murphy's Home" for the lovers of honest-to-goodness melody, has come to light again. She is appearing at the City Theatre in Fourteenth Street. Emma may have been acting around all these years, but, if so, she hasn't raised much of a rumpus about it. In fact, little has been heard of her since the days of Ned Harrigan's "Rally and the Four Hundred."

WITH THE BILLIARDISTS.
The Friars' championship three-cushion billiard tournament is progressing nicely. Fred Block has defeated Joe Canby. Herbert MacKenzie has beaten Alex Harris and Ben Herrman has vanquished Ralph Trier.

HERE COMES A. AGAIN.
A. Beckerman, our Brooklyn correspondent, is in again. Recently he felt a parody coming on, and, adjusting the poetry wheel on his typewriter, went to work. The result was a parody on "Back Home in Tennessee," which, it is presumed, is a song. Here's A.'s ditty:
I feel an aching, aching heart,
When I think of the dear old home,
For father, mother and brother,
And the backwoods of Tennessee.
There's hardly a family that I can see
That's not proud of the name of A.
And in every home where you chance to roam
There's many a story to tell of A.
Now, the chorus starts out "Not many miles—"
Pardon us a moment!
The office boy who knows our girl
Has just asked us who that strange lady was he "seen us with last night."

PEEVING BEVERLY.
Beverly Sitgreaves is just a tiny bit provoked. In "The Great Lover" she has to scream, and yesterday she asked Isabel Irving what the shrieks sounded like.
"Well, Beverly," replied Miss Irving, "the only thing I can compare your noises to is the yowl of the tigress when some one takes away her meat."
No wonder!

AL JOLSON'S GIFT.
Louis Rosenberg, advertising manager for the Greenhut Company, visited Al Jolson in Atlantic City recently, and before he left, the comedian handed him a check for \$200 and told him to buy 200 baskets of food for distribution among needy families on Christmas Day. Mr. Rosenberg intends to see that the baskets are so well stocked that there will be no profit in them. It is estimated that 2,500 persons will benefit through Mr. Jolson's generosity.

GOSSIP.
Teddy Girard is headed this way from Europe.
A. H. K.-Jose Collins was out of the east on the dates you mention. Beth Lydy sang the role.
L. Furman is a furrier on Sixth Avenue. Just thought you might like to know.
Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis have a new vaudeville sketch called "Love Blossoms."
Tom McMahon, formerly of the vaudeville team of McMahon and Chapell, is ill at Flower Hospital.
Hundreds of one-stoppers will contest for the Elizabeth Marbury Cup at the Strand Roof playing the Orpheum Circuit, was married recently in St. Paul to May Milloy.
Arthur E. Krows is now doing the

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And Compete for a Five Dollar Award.
THE EVENING WORLD will award \$5.00 to each of three young readers who submit the best colored pages of the "Mother Goose Fairy Book" complete from cover to concluding page.

\$5.00 Class A—Children not over five years of age. \$5.00 Class B—Children over five but not over ten. \$5.00 Class C—Children over ten but not over fifteen.

You may use crayon or water colors. If you have missed any back pages, send a two-cent stamp to the Evening World for each page desired and they will be mailed you. The cover was printed Oct. 11.

The last page will be printed Dec. 17. Your book, complete, and every page colored, must be received not later than TUESDAY, DEC. 21. Address it to "Mother Goose Editor," Evening World, 62 Park Row, N. Y. City. Write your NAME, ADDRESS and AGE on a sheet of paper, pinned to the cover page. No books submitted in the contest will be returned.

Cheering Christmas Gifts for Children in the New York City Hospitals.
All the "Mother Goose Fairy Books" received in the contest, that have been nicely and carefully colored, will be distributed by THE EVENING WORLD as CHRISTMAS GIFTS among the children in the hospitals in Greater New York.

Whether or not you win one of the awards, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your efforts have gone toward brightening CHRISTMAS for some child less happily situated than yourself.



"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel Ought to Have His Head Hollowed Out—and Then Swap Brains With a Flea!

By Vic



MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—After All, Bill Is Just Like 9,999,999 Other Husbands!

By Thornton Fisher



THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

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By Eleanor Schorer



Today is the first day of the busiest month of the whole round year for Mother Goose folks. Not a person, great or small or young or old, in all her land who was not at the postoffice this morning awaiting a big stack of orders from out the cold white North. For these people are Santa's most diligent workers.



His reindeer could not carry the load, so he called for help; and the bears and seals and penguins came and helped pull the laden sleigh to the nearest postoffice, which was 500 miles away. I haven't time to tell you of all the funny tumbles and slides the quaint penguins had, but all took it good-naturedly and enjoyed the jaunt.

Uncle Sam rushed the letters to the Mother Goose workers in time. They, in turn, rushed off to buy the material to fill the orders and made every kiddie happy twenty-four days from to-day! Thousands of dolls, books, boats, autos, aircraft, building toys and a thousand and one other things are needed, and Mother Goose will do her best for the kiddies she loves. You watch and see.

FACT AND FICTION

By Hasan Conklin

WE had two turkey gobblers at our festive board Thanksgiving—one ON the table and one AT the table.

BULL'S-EYES.
Minding other people's business makes a prophet—minding your own makes a profit.
That we cannot read the thoughts of others undoubtedly saves us considerable chagrin.

LIFE LYRICS—NO. 11.
To see the Flashers on the street you'd swear they had a pile.
For all of them dress up to beat the very latest style.
They roll around in taxicabs, put tang in tango tea,
And Mrs. Flasher glibly gabs of high society.
They tuck a goodly meal away when others give a spread,
But often in their own home they go superlative to bed.
To buy the food their table lacks they haven't cash enough,
For all they get goes on their backs to play the game called "bluff."

SAFE HITS.
When the fellow who "lived in your home town when you did" hunts you up in the big city, ten to one when he walks into your office the scene is a "touching" one.
"Ten to one?" Well, sometimes it's only five he wants.
But all his enthusiasm over "seeing you again" (and getting what he came after), isn't sufficient to bring him back again.
It took him "twenty years to find you" (and to get the ten-spot). He'll die before he finds you again (to pay it back).

Which proves that when he says "I of a think of the past," he speaks the truth. For he is dead sure to forget the "present."
For that's what it really is, although he calls it a "loan."

THE OLD THING!
THE little, mild, bald man had settled down in the train to read and, feeling drowsy after a trying day at business, fell asleep. On the track above was a ferocious crab in a bucket, and, reaching the edge of the rack, it fell, alighted on the little man's shoulder, and grabbed his ear to steady itself.
All the passengers waited expectantly for developments, but all they heard was:
"Let go, Sarah! I tell you I've been at the office all evening!"—TIT-BIT.

THE BIBLE AGAIN.
"DAISY," remarked the teacher, "don't love your cat too much. What would you do if it died?"
"You wouldn't see it again?"
"Oh, yes; I should see it in heaven." "No, dear, you're mistaken; animals cannot go to heaven like people." Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly: "Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says that the Promised Land is flowing with milk and honey, and, if there are no animals, where do they get the milk?"—TIT-BIT.

NOT SCIENTIFIC.
SCIENTIFIC parent (on a stroll): You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son.
To the teacher: My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?
Teacher: "Cause I ain't a horse, you old thickhead."—TIT-BIT.